

MASTER OF
KUNG FU™

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THE HANDS OF SHANG-CHI, MASTER OF KUNG FU™

TM

SHANG-CHI--
STALKED BY
THE MOST
SAVAGE FOE
OF ALL!

DEATH
IS THE
BLACK
NINJA!



"Call me Shang-Chi, as my **father** did, when he raised me and molded my mind and my body in the vacuum of his Honan, China retreat. I learned many things from my father. Since then, I have learned that my father is **Dr. Fu Manchu**, the most insidiously evil man on earth...and that to **honor** him would bring nothing but **dishonor** to the spirit of my **name**.

Stan Lee PRESENTS: **MASTER OF KUNG FU!**™

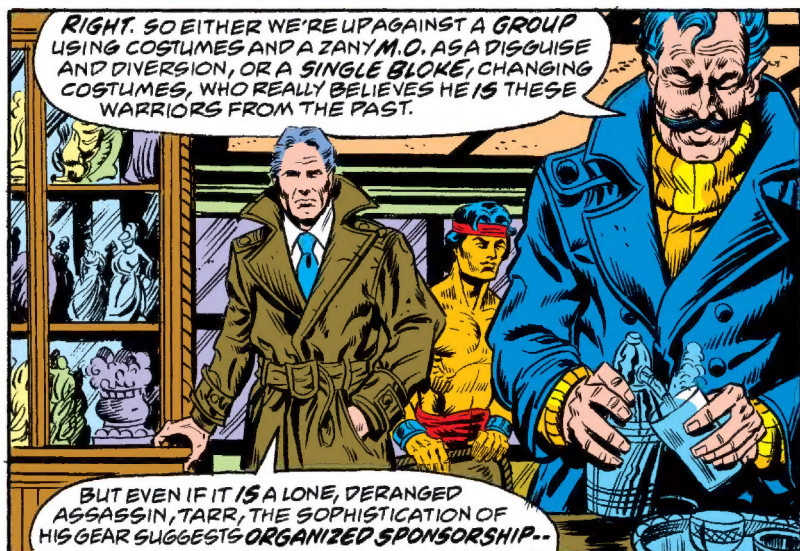
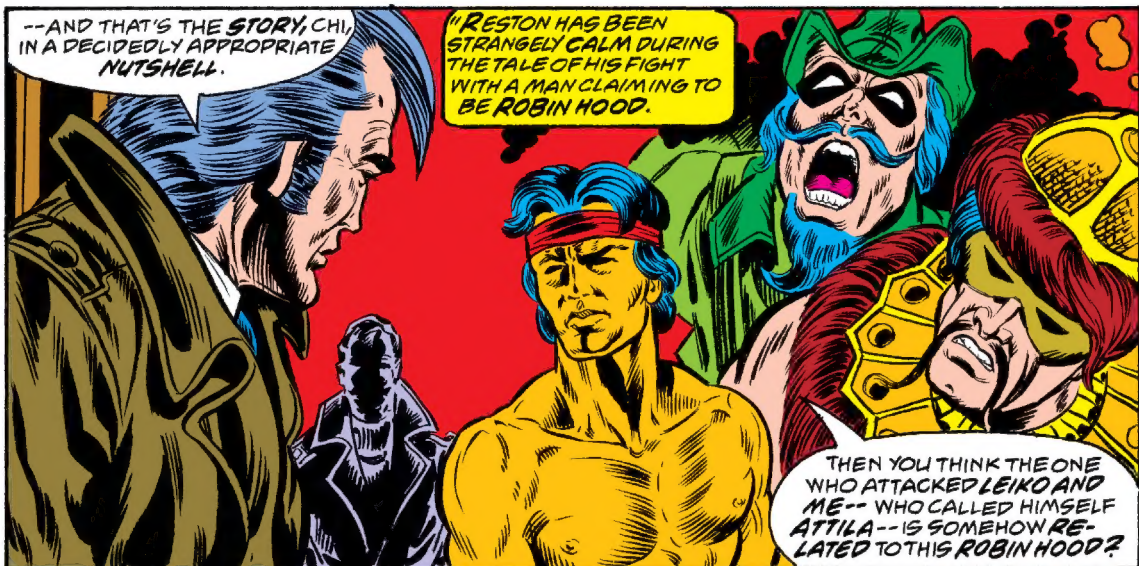
Featuring supporting characters created by SAX ROHMER

OF HEROES PAST AND BATTLES PRESENT!

"WE ARE FACED WITH ATTACK FROM **ALL SIDES**, EACH ASSASSIN POSING DEATH OF A DIFFERENT FACE. BUT DO WE STAND AGAINST AN ARMY OF WARRIORS FROM THE PAST... OR **ONE MAN**, WITH A MIND SHATTERED INTO MANY DIFFERENT MASKS OF MADNESS? **WHATEVER THE ANSWER**, A GREATER DANGER CHALLENGES US: IN PERIL, **LEIKO'S** LIFE HANGS AT THE HEART OF CHAOS."



MOENCH/SCRIPT * CRAIG/PENCILS * TARTAG/INKS * WOHL/LETTERS * RACHE/COLORS * GOODWIN/EDITING





BUT THE IDENTITY OF THE BACKERS IS IRRELEVANT AT THIS STAGE.

RIGHT NOW, WE HAVE TO PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER AND CONCENTRATE ON DEDUCING WHO THIS WARRIOR, OR WARRIORS, COULD BE-- BEFORE WE CAN EVEN BEGIN SEARCHING FOR LEIKO.

"AS WE LEAVE HER FLAT, IT SEEMS... TOO EMPTY, NOT EVEN HAUNTED BY HER PRESENCE."

WELL, WHOEVER THEY ARE, IF THEY HIT AT YOU THREE, THEY'RE LIKELY AFTER ME AS WELL, BUT SINCE ALMOST NO ONE KNOWS ABOUT MY ROOM AT THE SAVOY--

--I SUGGEST WE PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER OVER THERE... BEFORE BLOODY TARZAN THE APEMAN ATTACKS US NEXT.

I DOUBT IF WE HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT TARZAN, OR ANY OTHER FICTIONAL BRUTE.

MY GUESS IS THAT WE'LL HAVE TO STEEL OURSELVES FOR HISTORY'S REAL BLOOD-LETTERS, BLOKES LIKE HITLER AND GERONIMO... OR EVEN--

--SAINT GEORGE, THE NOBLE SLAYER OF HELLISH SAURIANS!

DO YOU HEAR ME, FAIR DAMSEL? YOU ARE THE PRIZE OF SAINT GEORGE, WHO WITH THE DEVOUT FLAMES OF HIS LANCE DID SLAY THE FEARSOME DRAGON OF THE GOLDEN LEGEND!

STILL NOT SURE WHAT HE WANTS WITH ME, BUT AT LEAST I KNOW HE'S OUT OF HIS MIND.

THE WOMAN IS
EVER THE PRIZE OF MEN
WHOSE HEARTS ARE
FORGED IN THE GLORY OF
BATTLE--EVEN AS I
SAVED THE FRANKS AT
THE BATTLE OF ANTI-
OCH AND--



WAIT A MINUTE.
WHAT AM I DOING?
WHAT AM I SAYING?
I'M NOT SAINT
GEORGE.



I--I'M... WAR-YORE.
WAR-YORE? BUT... IS
EVEN HE WHO I REALLY
AM? NO... SOMEHOW I
DO THINK SO... BUT THEN,
IF NOT, AM I VLAD
DRACUL--?



HE... REALLY IS OUT OF
HIS MIND-- UTTERLY
CONFUSED.

OR AM I HROLF
KRRAKI, THE LEGEND-
ARY VIKING REAVER?
IF SO... WHAT WOULD A
NORSEMAN BE DOING IN
THIS MEDIEVAL BRITISH
DUNGEON?

WAIT! I'VE GOT IT! I
KNOW WHO I AM! I'M
SLAUGHTER--ERIC
SLAUGHTER!!



AND... AND
I'M... ILL...



...SO VERY, VERY ILL.
...SCHIZOID, I IMAGINE
...SO VERY ILL I SOME-
TIMES DON'T KNOW
WHO I REALLY--

EH--?

GOOD LORD!! WHO
ARE YOU?! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING
HERE?!



IT--IT'S AS IF
HE REALLY DIDN'T
KNOW I WAS HERE--
AS IF HE'S SEEING ME
FOR THE VERY FIRST TIME
IN HIS LIFE!





OH, MY GOD! YOU POOR, POOR CHILD!
LORD SAVE ME! LORD FORGIVE ME!

WHAT HAVE
I DONE TO YOU
IN THE TEMPEST
OF MY FITFUL
DELUSIONS?!



INCREDIBLE! HE'S
ACTUALLY FEELING
REMORSE NOW.

NO! DON'T TELL ME!
PLEASE DON'T!! I DON'T
WANT TO KNOW WHAT I'VE
DONE. I COULDN'T BEAR
IT. I ONLY WISH TO ATONE
FOR MY UNFORGIVABLE
SINS!

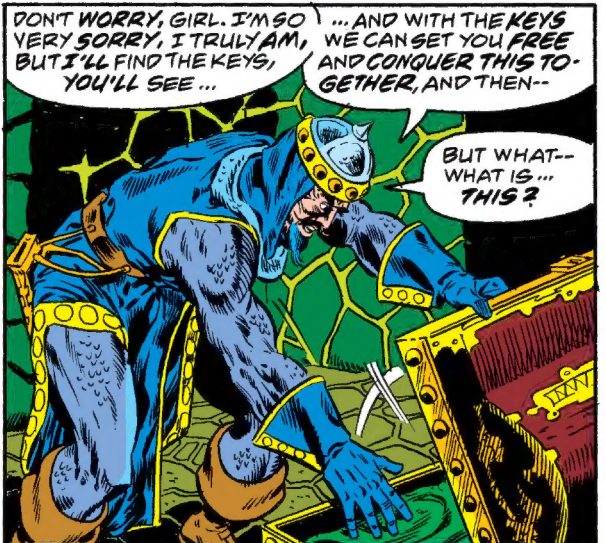
BETTER NOT SAY
ANYTHING. DON'T WANT
TO SHATTER HIS SPELL.



AND I WILL ATONE! YOU'LL
SEE! I'LL SET YOU FREE!
THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO, YES,
I'LL GET YOU OUT OF HERE
AT ONCE!

IT'S
WORKING.
HE'S GOING
TO DO IT.

PERHAPS THEN
YOU'LL FORGIVE ME,
AND I'LL KNOW
WHO I AM!



DON'T WORRY, GIRL. I'M SO
VERY SORRY, I TRULY AM,
BUT I'LL FIND THE KEYS,
YOU'LL SEE ...

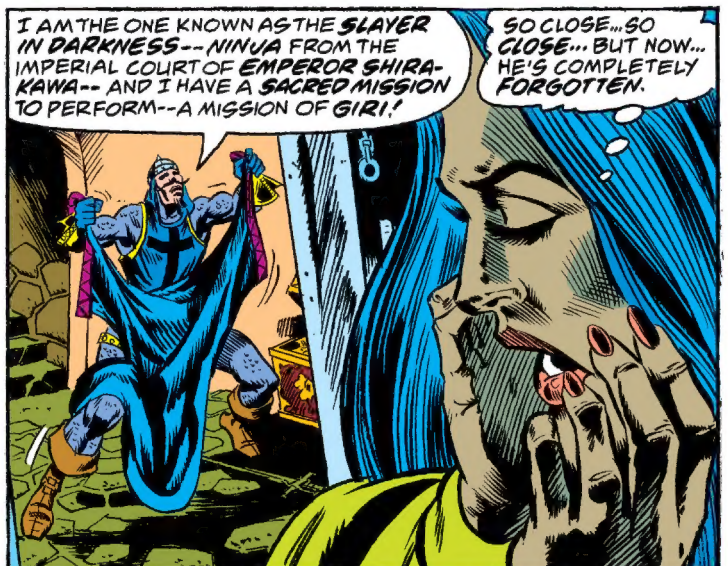
... AND WITH THE KEYS
WE CAN SET YOU FREE
AND CONQUER THIS TO-
GETHER, AND THEN--

BUT WHAT--
WHAT IS ...
THIS?



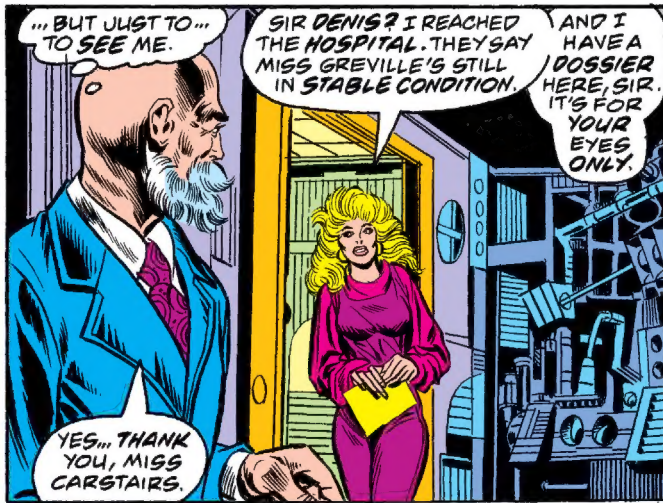
SAYYY...
NOW I
REMEMBER.

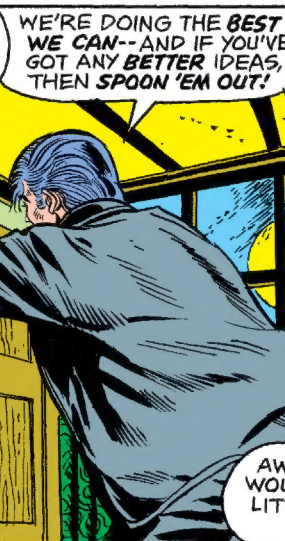
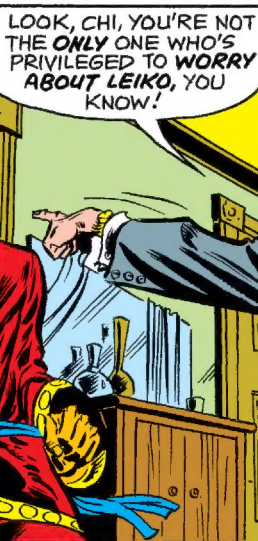
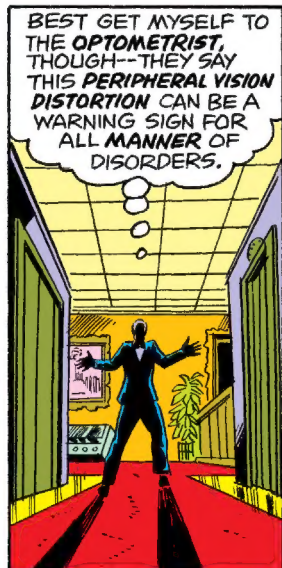
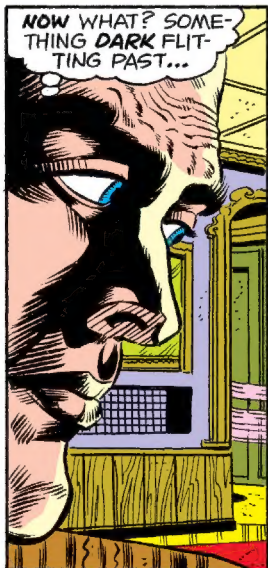
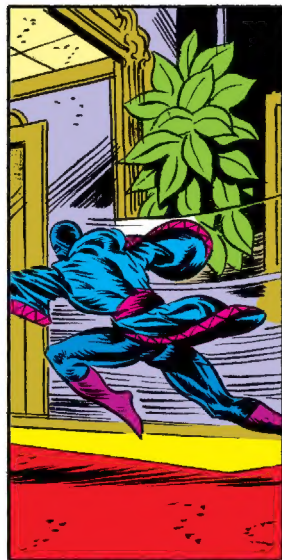
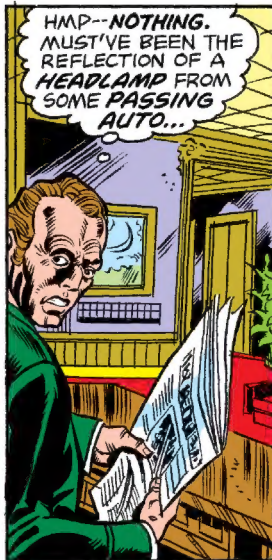
YES, NOW I
KNOW WHO
I AM.



I AM THE ONE KNOWN AS THE **SLAYER**
IN DARKNESS-- NINJA FROM THE
IMPERIAL COURT OF EMPEROR SHIRA-
KAWA-- AND I HAVE A SACRED MISSION
TO PERFORM-- A MISSION OF GIRL!

SO CLOSE... SO
CLOSE... BUT NOW...
HE'S COMPLETELY
FORGOTTEN.







--WAS CONCERNED ABOUT LEIKO'S WELFARE WHEN YOU WERE STILL LOGGING ASSASSIN DUTY FOR FU MANCHU!

I DO NOT WISH TO ARGUE OVER THIS SITUATION YOU CALL A "LOVE-TRIANGLE," RESTON.

-- DON'T WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT, HUH? WHAT'S THE MATTER--YOUR CONSCIENCE GETTING TOUCHY? THE TRIANGLE'S FINE AS LONG AS YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE THIRD CORNER-- THE ODD MAN OUT-- IS THAT IT?

HEY, DON'T TRY TO TURN YOUR BACK ON ME, CHI--

--NOT WHEN I'M THINKING ABOUT CLIPPING YOU RIGHT IN YOUR SANCTIMONIOUS--



WUHHH...IF THAT WAS ROOM SERVICE, I'M CHECKIN' OUTTA THIS BLOODY HOTEL.

STOW IT, TARR-- WE'VE JUST BEEN ATTACKED AGAIN...

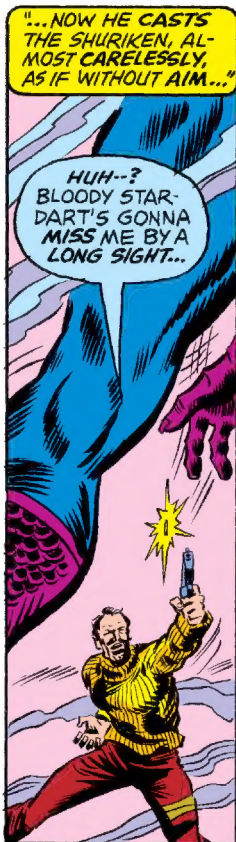
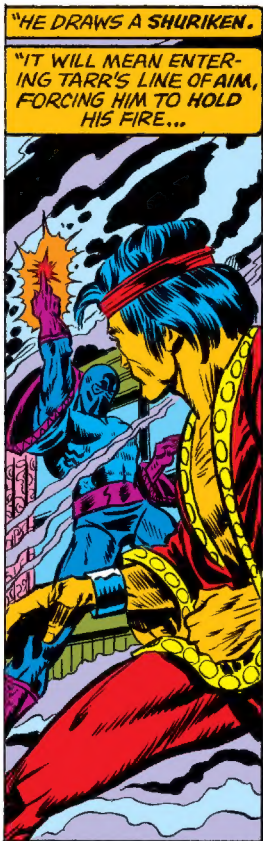
...ALTHOUGH THERE'S...NO ONE HERE...

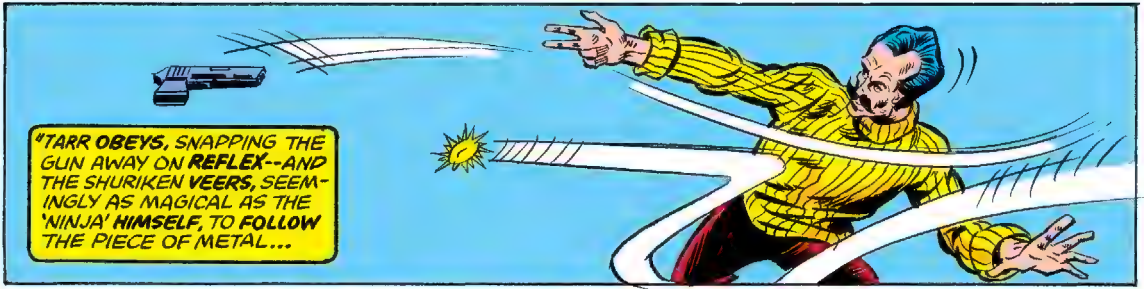
WRONG.



"I...SENSE HIM..."

...HIS PRESENCE, AS HEAVY AS THE THICK SMOKE, HANGING IN THE AIR--





"TARR OBEYS, SNAPPING THE GUN AWAY ON REFLEX--AND THE SHURIKEN VEERS, SEEMINGLY AS MAGICAL AS THE 'NINJA' HIMSELF, TO FOLLOW THE PIECE OF METAL..."

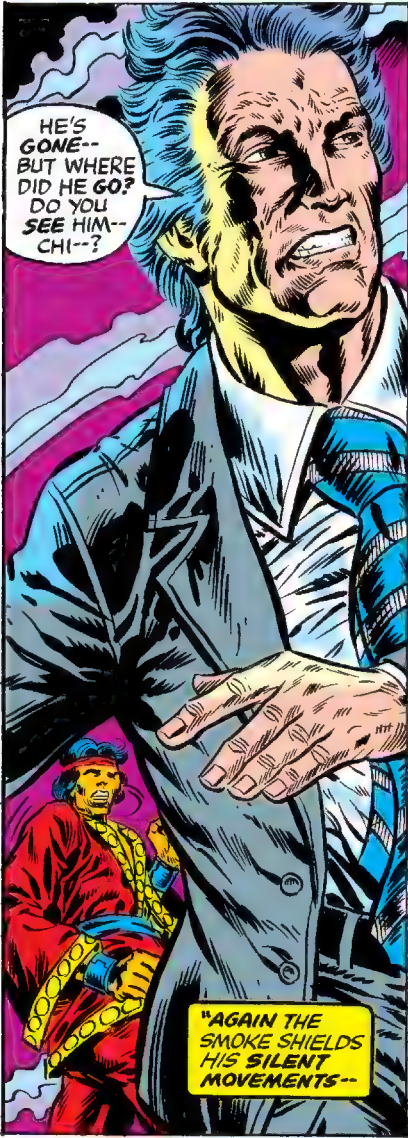


"...UNTIL--"

FHRAM

AARRHH

"HAD TARR BEEN HOLDING THE GUN, HE WOULD LIE DEAD, RATHER THAN ASLEEP."



HE'S GONE-- BUT WHERE DID HE GO? DO YOU SEE HIM-- CHI--?

"AGAIN THE SMOKE SHIELDS HIS SILENT MOVEMENTS--"



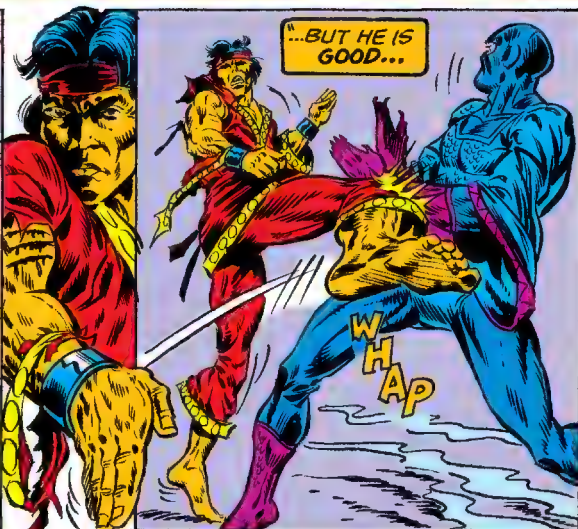
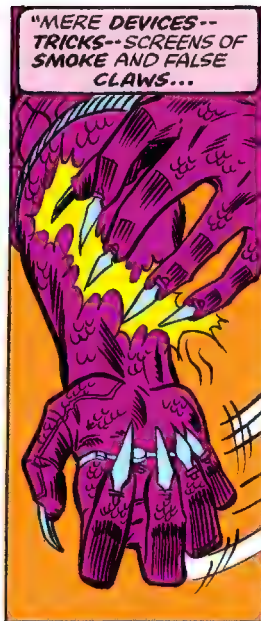
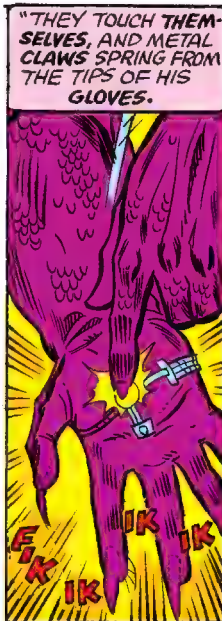
"--PERMITTING HIM TO APPEAR, WITHOUT WARNING, AS IF FROM NOWHERE."

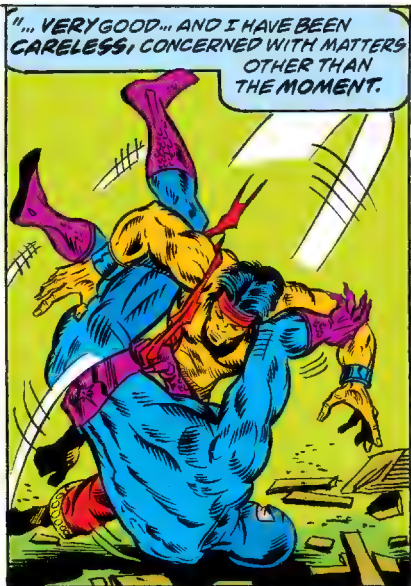
HWUD

UHHN--!

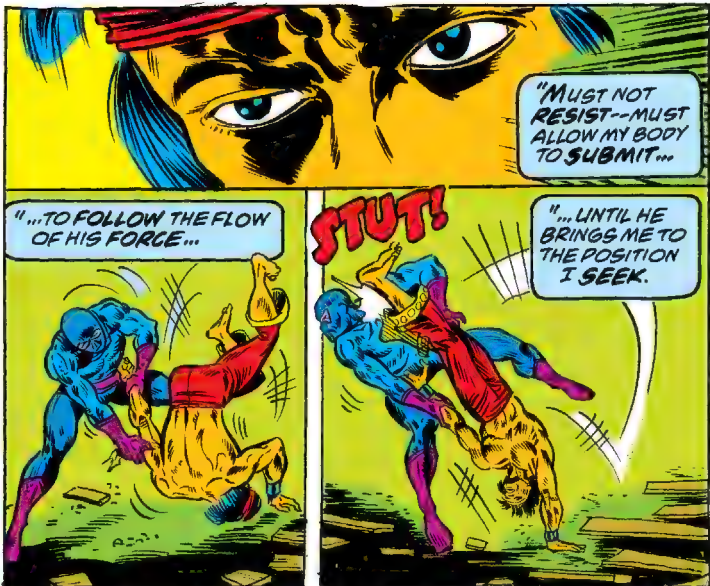
"AND NOW...WE ARE ALONE."







"... VERY GOOD... AND I HAVE BEEN CARELESS, CONCERNED WITH MATTERS OTHER THAN THE MOMENT.

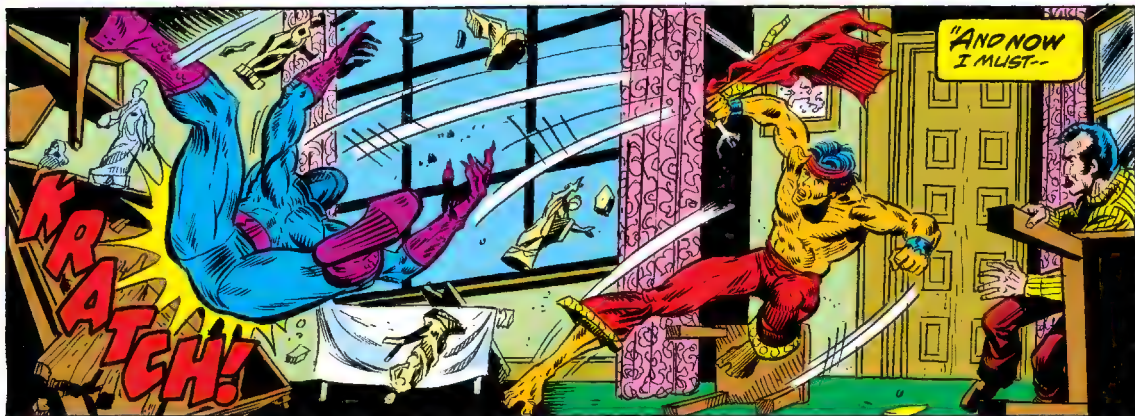


"...TO FOLLOW THE FLOW OF HIS FORCE..."

"MUST NOT RESIST--MUST ALLOW MY BODY TO SUBMIT..."

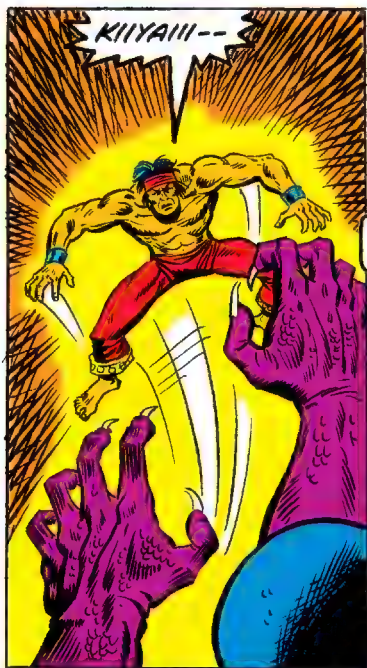
STUT!

"...UNTIL HE BRINGS ME TO THE POSITION I SEEK.



KRATCH!

"AND NOW I MUST--"



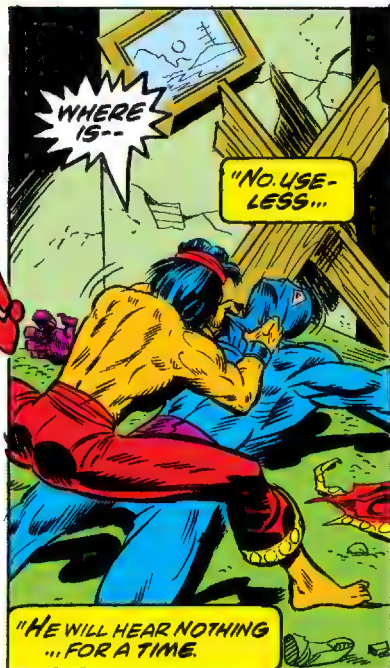
KIIYAH!!--



--HYAH!!

"--END IT."

FRANK!



WHERE IS--

"NO USE-- LESS..."

"HE WILL HEAR NOTHING ...FOR A TIME.



"I BIND HIM WITH CORDS FROM THE WINDOW--"

OH

"--AS TARR AND RESTON STIR."



WELL, LOOKS LIKE YA DID IT, CHINAMAN --BOXED HIS EARS BUT GOOD.

NOW LET'S SEE WHO THE BLOODY BLACK GUARD IS...



LOOKS VAGUELY FAMILIAR, BUT... NO, DON'T BELIEVE I'VE EVER TUSSELED WITH HIM...

...WHICH QUASHES THE PERSONAL REVENGE MOTIVE.

SO HE MUST BE SOMEONE'S AGENT-- BUT WHOSE? HE PROBABLY WON'T TALK WHEN HE COMES TO--



--BUT IF WE CAN SOMEHOW LEARN WHO HE IS, MAYBE WE CAN PUZZLE OUT HIS EMPLOYERS



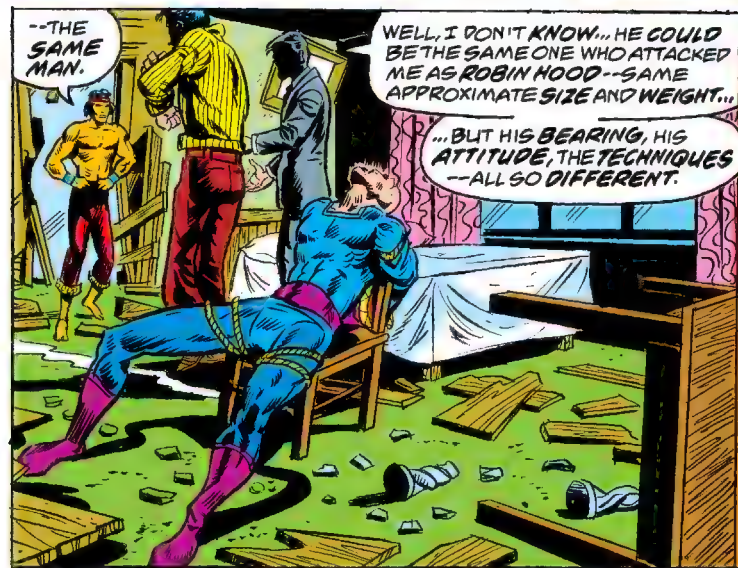
WE KNOW WHO HE IS.

HE IS THE SAME ONE WHO POSED AS ATTILA AND ABDUCTED LEIKO.



YEAH? AND HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT, CHI?

I KNOW. THE MOVES WERE DIFFERENT, BUT THIS FIGHT AND THE FIGHT WITH ATTILA WERE THE SAME FIGHT-- AT THE CORE--



--THE SAME MAN.

WELL, I DON'T KNOW... HE COULD BE THE SAME ONE WHO ATTACKED ME AS ROBIN HOOD-- SAME APPROXIMATE SIZE AND WEIGHT...

...BUT HIS BEARING, HIS ATTITUDE, THE TECHNIQUES-- ALL SO DIFFERENT.



WELL, MAYBE WE CAN--

HERE, NOW! YES, I THOUGHT I HAD A TWINGE IN ME ARM-- PIECE OF SHRAPNEL FROM HIS BLOODY BOOMERANG--BOOMER--THE STAR-DART...



AS I WAS SAYIN'-- MAYBE WE CAN PICK UP SOME **CLUES** FROM HIS **WEAPONRY...**



PRETTY **SOPHISTICATED** GIZMO, RESTON-- **MINIATURE HOMING DEVICE--METAL-SEEKING** IS MY GUESS. **BUZZED RIGHT FOR MY GUN--** AND PROBABLY THE **DOORKNOB** WHEN THE ROOM BUST OPEN...

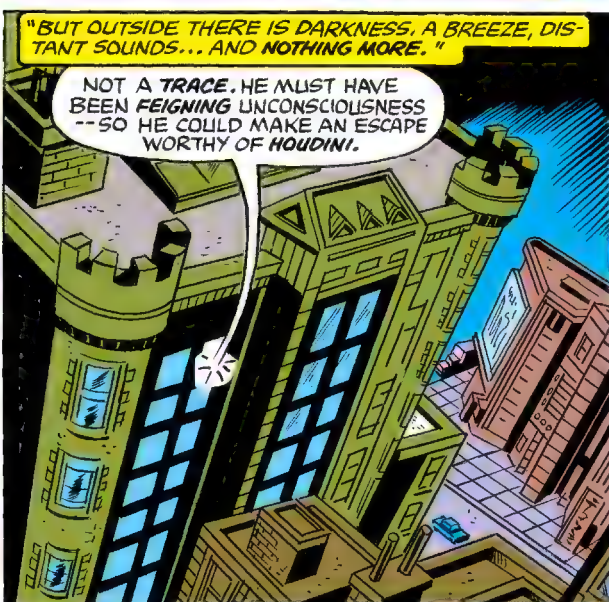
WONDER IF WE'VE EVEN GOT THE **TECHNOLOGY** FOR SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS...?

"I HAVE ALLOWED MYSELF TO BECOME **DISTRACTED** BY TARR'S WORDS, AND--"



HE'S GONE--!!

WHAT?! BUT HE COULDN'T'VE GOTTEN PAST US TO THE DOOR...! CHECK THE WINDOW--FAST!



"BUT OUTSIDE THERE IS **DARKNESS**, A **BREEZE**, **DISTANT SOUNDS...** AND **NOTHING MORE.**"

NOT A **TRACE**. HE MUST HAVE BEEN **FEIGNING UNCONSCIOUSNESS**--SO HE COULD MAKE AN **ESCAPE WORTHY OF HOUDINI.**



NO, RESTON, WORTHY OF A **JAPANESE NINJA.**



NEVER MIND **THAT**--I JUST **REALIZED** SOMETHIN'...

HOW DID HE KNOW WHERE TO **ATTACK--** THAT WE WERE **HERE?** THE ONLY ONE WHO **KNOWS** I'VE TAKEN A ROOM HERE IS... **SIR DENIS.**



GREETINGS, FELLOW SERVANTS OF THE HONORABLE EMPEROR'S COURT! I HAVE RETURNED FROM MY SACRED MISSION.

OH, LORD, HERE HE COMES AGAIN-- RAVING LUNATIC.



IT IS TIME FOR THE SLAYER IN DARKNESS TO RETIRE, BUT ONE OF MY FELLOW WARRIORS SHALL BE WITH YOU SOON.

NO DOUBT, LORD, WHAT A STINKING ASSIGNMENT THIS IS.



AT LEAST IT'S EASY, HUMORING HIM AND MAKING DAILY REPORTS --WAY I SEE IT, THEY PROBABLY FED HIM SOME DRUGS AND NEED US TO OBSERVE THE EFFECTS.

YEAH? AND WHO OBSERVES THE EFFECTS WHEN HE'S AWAY FROM THIS LOUSY CASTLE ALL THE TIME? I SAY IT'S--



MECHANICS--IS MY CRAFT PREPARED FOR FLIGHT? THE RED BARON MUST DEPART.



YES, IT'S BEEN READY FOR THE PAST THREE DAYS-- EVER SINCE YOU FIRST TOLD US TO GET IT READY.



EXCELLENT. YOUR SERVICE IN THE KAISER'S CAUSE WILL BE NOTED.

THIS IS BLOODY TOO MUCH--TIME TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS ONCE AND FOR ALL.



"DAWN: UNWILLING TO REMAIN AT THE HOTEL, WE HAVE DRIVEN ALL NIGHT, AND NOW HALT..."

MUST'VE SHAKEN ANY POSSIBLE TAILS BY NOW...

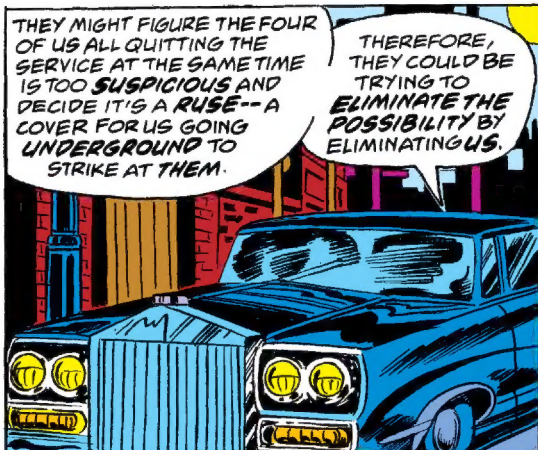
ALL RIGHT, SO WE AGREE ON THE PLAN. AN' I STILL DON'T CARE WHAT EITHER OF YOU THINK...



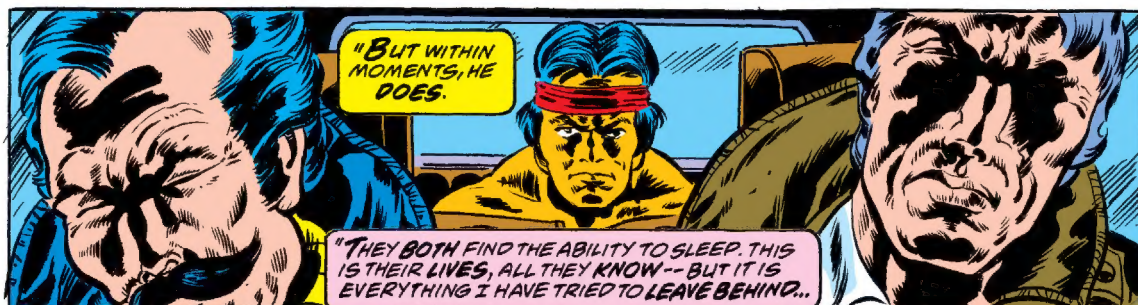
IT COULDN'T BE SIR DENIS. BUT IT MUST BE SOMEONE INSIDE MI-6-- A DOUBLE AGENT--MAYBE A RUSSIAN...

I'LL GO ALONG WITH THAT, TARR.

THE RUSSIANS ARE A LIKELY BET...



THEREFORE, THEY COULD BE TRYING TO **ELIMINATE THE POSSIBILITY** BY **ELIMINATING US**.



"I AWAKEN, TO REALIZE FOR THE FIRST TIME THAT I SLEPT-- IT IS NIGHT."

WELL, LET'S GO. IF ANYONE CAN CRACK MI-6'S SECURITY, IT OUGHTTA BE US.

I JUST HOPE WE--

EH--? WHAT THE DEVIL IS THAT DRONING? SOUNDS LIKE IT'S COMIN' FROM UP--

LORD ALMIGHTY!

A TRIPLANE!!

AN' IT'S BUZZIN' US--!!

EIGHTY KILLS-- SEVENTY-NINE BRITISH AND ONE BELGIAN-- AND NOW FRAIHARR VON RICHTHOFEN DOWNING THE EIGHTY-FIRST CRAFT OF THE KAISER'S ENEMIES!!

IT'S COMIN' DOWN-- RIGHT INTO THE STREET-- STRAFIN' US WITH THE SAME KINDA LASER BEAM--

-- CUTTIN' THE WHOLE FRONT END OF THE CAR RIGHT OFF!!

OH, NO. YOU'RE CERTAIN OF THIS-- CERTAIN OF THE CHINESE GIRL'S DESCRIPTION?

YES... VERY WELL... I'LL HAVE ORDERS FOR YOU WHEN YOU MAKE YOUR NEXT REGULAR REPORT.

I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T LIKE THIS. WAR-YORE'S REALLY GONE OFF THE DEEP END NOW-- AND WE'LL HAVE THE DEVIL TO PAY! HE'S TAKEN LEIKO WU-- BUT HE'S DECIDED TO DISOBEY ORDERS AND KEEP HER ALIVE!

SO? AT THE WORST, WE'LL HAVE TO ELIMINATE HIM AND DISPOSE OF HER OURSELVES...

AND IN THE MEANTIME, HE MIGHT STILL TAKE CARE OF OTHERS.

"THE MASK OF THE NINJA IS GONE, REPLACED BY A NEW MADNESS."

WELL, I GUESS IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWIN' YOU TWO--

--CUZ HERE HE COMES AGAIN!!

**NEXT
ISSUE**

THE THROTTLE RIPS WIDE OPEN FOR A RAID ON MI-6-- AND THEN, THE ASSAULT ON WAR-YORE'S LAIR-- ALL IN...

**CALL IT
THUNDER!**

MISSIVES TO THE MASTER!

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As promised last time, let's kick it off with One Man's Odyssey of Apotheosis...

Gentlemen:

This past summer, as three friends and I did the Dean Moriarty Memorial New York to Sunny California Automobile Extravaganza, I found myself (bouncing up and down in the back of a rapidly-decomposing Ford station wagon) with mucho extra time on my hands. On we rolled, eight-ten-twelve hours at a stretch, a good portion of that time spent devouring whatever reading matter I could get my soiled hands on. Whipping down the highways, whipping through Harlan Ellison, Tom Robbins, Meher Baba, etc.—and, of course, the usual Marvels I habitually gobble up like the comic book junkie I am. But, as I said, Much Time. So much time that I found myself picking up comics I normally wouldn't touch, comics whose very titles turned me off. Titles like...(gag)...*TOMB OF DRACULA* and... (urgh! urp!)...*MASTER OF KUNG FU*. You know what this is leading up to, don't you? Ye Olde Proverbial Eating of the Hat.

(Parenthetical Digression: One nifty thing about life out in the Great American Heartland—comics distribution is exceedingly weird. You can find a six-month run of the same title languishing on a rack in some Godforsaken Seven-Eleven store; which means I was able to pick up quite a number of MOKFs at the going 30¢ rate for which I otherwise would have had to pay outrageously absurd "Comic Art Dealer" extortion prices. End of Parenthetical Digression.)

My credentials, gentlemen: I have absolutely no interest whatsoever in the Martial Arts, be it Bruce Lee, David Carradine, Iron Fist, or Kung Phooey. It bores me. Supposedly "Kosmic" philosophy in the garb of bloody, flailing fists bores me. The "Yellow Peril" bores me, be it Fu Manchu, the Yellow Claw, Mandarin, or Maxwell Smart's nemesis the Claw (without the Yellow). I have never read a single Sax Rohmer book. But, I repeat (and loudly, gentlemen, loudly), BUT...this book called *MASTER OF KUNG FU* is one of the most beautiful works of art the comix medium has yet produced. And I mean that. Howzabout tossing around a few well-placed adjectives? Okay, try these: Intelligent. Moving. Exciting. Intricate. Awesome. Breathtaking...andmoreandmoreandmoreandmore. Moench, Gulacy, what have I been *missing*?

FADE TO BLACK. RAISE LIGHTS SLOWLY TO REVEAL HIRSUITE YOUNG MAN IN BROOKLYN APT. PERUSING *MASTER OF KUNG FU* #49...

Listen: "The Affair of the Agent Who Died" did things to me that I didn't think could be done any more. Would you believe that watching Chi run from Fu Manchu's giant scorpions (now, come on, doesn't that sound just too *pulpy*?) actually had me *tense*? Me, a person who's been reading comics for almost all of his not-quite twenty-three years? That scene was *real* to me. It negated all the Blorph the Giant Barf-Bag and Land of the Tapdancing Dinosaurs nonsense with which I've been saturation-bombed innumerable times on the Late, Late, Great, Great Show. I *believed* that scene. And *you* believe *this*: A little while ago, as Charlie's Angels spasmed across my tube like plastic mannequins, dealing mindless video death without musing one perfect hair, I sat here honestly *moved* by the death of Lerner—a character I've known for only a few short months. There are Marvel characters I've followed for ten years who couldn't elicit that response. Their deaths would be no more real than all the phony, emotionless slaughter dished out wholesale, 24 hours a day, by Kojak, Columbo, the Rookies, Captain Kirk and the boys, ad infinitum. Lerner *lived* for me, and because of that, Lerner really *died*. That, gentlemen, is called writing. Excuse me, WRITING.

Enough rambling. Moench, you are amongst the Top Three Wordsmiths currently toiling in the Whambamslam! long-underwear world (the other two being Steve Gerber and

Englehart). Gulacy, you are one of the finest artists this field of communication has ever tossed up on a four-color beach. *MASTER OF KUNG FU*, you are one damn good book.

Conclusion: Thanks.

J. Marc De Matteis
1996 Ocean Avenue
Brooklyn, NY 11230

Sure. And ditto, J. But us, we're still thrummin' from the hum of those old tire treads...

Dear People,

Would you believe I've been worrying about Shang-Chi's adopted pet ever since his London apartment was bombed? Thank you for finally setting my mind at ease. And I speak not only as a cat lover; issue #51 also cleared my mind of any doubts concerning Mr. Gulacy's successor. Mr. Craig is a fine artist, with apparently the same feeling for the book that Mr. Gulacy had. I look forward to whatever future adventures you have planned for Shang-Chi and his comrades with the same eagerness I felt upon greeting those in the past.

Go in beauty.

S. Lee Marine
51 Wise Avenue
Baltimore, MD 19144

To the Masters of MOKF:

Now that it's all over, I would like to look back on this six-part Fu Manchu/Fah Lo Suee/Her Majesty's Secret Service epic (and its soon-to-be-classic epilogue in #51) with great admiration for the creative talents who put it all together. Doug Moench and Paul Gulacy have created their personal *magnum opus* in those six issues, surpassing all their previous and considerable achievements. I am very impressed.

Long, well-thought, deeply analytical type letters are beyond me. But I would like to say I am very sorry to see Paul leave this strip. Jim Craig's style and panel arrangements, however, are similar to the Gulacy mode, and thus the flavor of the art to which we are accustomed in this book has not been lost. So you can bet this is one reader who is not the least bit discouraged. Good luck, Jim and Doug. And good luck, Paul. Marvel—and life—marches on...

M.E. Robbins
230 Verando Avenue
Thousand Oaks, CA 91360

You better believe it, M.E.! (Say, what is this—National Initials Month?) And with spiderweb deadlines constantly snaring us up, we sometimes wish that Marvel—and life—would start marching to a slightly slower drummer...

...which is a sneaky segue into the subject of this closing yellow box. Namely: As you've no doubt noticed, we've been having a mini continuity crisis here in MOKF. Jim Craig's opening artistic gambit on Shang-Chi & Co.—Doug's War-Yore storyline—has already been interrupted several times. There has been, or will be, Keith Pollard's Hackstaber/Warmflash fill-in, a Mike Zeck fill-in, the long-awaited Pat Broderick fill-in, and another two-parter by Mike Zeck. Indeed, there has even been a reprint.

We apologize. Sincerely. We really hate like the devil to disrupt continuity, but we're doing our best to sandwich most of the above listed fill-ins into slots where they'll be the least disruptive. And we hasten to add that, as "fill-ins," they're *beauts*; we predict that without exception every one of these standby stories will be enjoyed and acclaimed just as much as those issues fitting into the "normal" storyline. Think of them as "specials" rather than "fill-ins"—because they *are* special, and that's a promise.

In the meantime, we're churnin' on all burners in an attempt to get it together—once and for all—and clean up our deadline act. If all goes well, some semblance of regularity and normality will soon return to these pages. Right now, even *we* don't know exactly what's gonna be presented when (we'll clue you in right here when we do), but we do know one thing: The quality of any individual issue will not suffer.

So stay tuned...and be good.